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## Zion's Herald.

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## A CRADLE HYMN.

BY MARY E. B. THORNE.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!  
Sings a mother soft and low,  
With no thought of care to cumber,  
Gently rocking to and fro.

Then as one who sees a vision  
Hovering round the golden head,  
Vistant from realms elysian,—  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

Thus she sings while gathering shadows  
Closing round the dying day  
Mantle hills, and lakes, and meadows,  
In a veil of silver gray;

While above the misty azure  
Gleams with stars like angel eyes,  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Fall," she says, "from Paradise."

And the little one repose  
Peacefully on mother's breast,  
In sweet sleep his eyelids closing,  
Like a blossom sinks to rest.  
Still the mother bending o'er him,  
Lifts her soul in earnest prayer,  
Thinking of the path before him—  
May the Mightiest shield him there!

On his soul that fond petition  
With a pen of light is traced;  
Some time it shall bring fruition—  
Whether o'er earth's dreary waste  
Long and widely he shall wander,  
Or if soon life's path grow dim,  
Surely here or over yonder  
Shall be heard that mother's hymn.

And like seed that long lay hidden  
Neath the unweaving mold,  
Then springs up at last unbidden,  
Bringing forth an hundred-fold,  
So these words of life, the sowing  
Of a mother's boundless love,  
Some glad day in God's light growing,  
Shall be garnered up above.

## CHAUTAUQUA CHIMES.

BY REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM HAVEN.

An afternoon's ride up into the beautiful hill country of northwestern Massachusetts, and through the short night of the Hoosac Tunnel; a longer night from Albany to Elmira; and a morning's run through the romantic valleys of the Chemung and the Genesee, take you from Boston to Jamestown, the thriving little city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, at the eastern end of Lake Chautauqua.

Here, by horse-car or carriage, you transfer yourself to the steamboats which have gotten to the little wharf from somewhere, and are getting up steam to go somewhere, but where it would puzzle you to guess, for there hardly seems to be water enough for the boats to turn around in. Soon the paddles beat, and off you go, turning a sharp bend, and then turning again, and again and again, slowly working your way out a crooked, narrow stream that spreads like a Southern swamp into the woods which hedge you in on every side. Now the boat rubs the bottom, now she grazes the bank, now she sounds her whistle and another answers from the wood. You think you must have gotten back to Jamestown, and are ready to look up at the little house on the bluff, when the lake opens out before you, the boat trembles under the increased speed, and you give yourself to the enjoyment of the scene.

It is restful. The blue waters stretching away twenty to thirty miles, the shores two or three miles apart covered with well-tilled farms, and noble forests coming down into wooded points, have a quiet, soothed indolence, disturbed only by the cool breezes and the merry sound of the steamers flitting from landing to landing up and down the lake. All too soon a crowded wharf is reached, you have passed through a tumble-down-looking sort of entrance, and are actually in Chautauqua.

Pause, and, paradoxically speaking, take in the environment. Everywhere the avenues open, shaded with beautiful trees, and lined with tents and cottages. In the distance to the left you can see the great hotel, its piazzas crowded with guests. As you go toward it, you pass a model of Jerusalem. Denying yourself the lecture explaining the sacred places, you go on by an Oriental house, and the book store, and notion counters, and if you are of a pious turn of mind you enter the "Holy Land," and wend your

way from Beersheba to Dan. You stop a while at Hebron, make a detour to the hills overlooking the Dead Sea, and watch the small boys studying Scripture geography and sailing their boats at the same time. By and by you reach Mt. Hermon. Here you can rest, looking out on Lake Chautauqua — the Mediterranean.

While you are resting, I will tell you a little about the place. More than a dozen years ago, this pleasant spot, called "Fair Point," was secured for a camp-meeting. It was used for this purpose when Dr. Vincent decided to locate the Sunday-school Assembly here. The Association now owns a hundred acres, all laid out in avenues and parks. They have given up the old auditorium for the amphitheatre, a curiosity naturally, and a great success as an audience-room. They have built an elegant hotel, able to accommodate four or five hundred guests. They have a Temple for the children, a Normal Hall, a Hall of Philosophy, a Museum, a number of recitation buildings, a skating-rink, a gymnasium, and (I don't know whether the Association owns it or not) a roller coaster. I have not mentioned the printing-office, the chapel, the pyramid, the tabernacle, and you yourself will have to breathe in the atmosphere of happiness, eagerness, devoutness, and enthusiasm which makes these otherwise dry bones part of a living body.

Listen! That is the latest acquisition. It is the chime — the genius of the place. How sweet these notes on the evening air! Morning, noon and night you will hear them, feel them, be stirred and comforted by them.

They are typical, for the melody of the place is many-voiced, yet one.

## THE ASSEMBLY BELL.

This calls to normal exercises. Every day Prof. Huribert, Worden, Holmes, Vincent and others give lectures and lessons on Bible studies, normal studies, and all the lines of work fitting Sunday-school teachers for greater usefulness. This was the first bell in the chime, and its sound is sweet and steady now.

## THE UNIVERSITY.

This is one of the big bells. Way out there to the west are the groves to which the guide-board "Academia" points. In the groves are the Latin and Greek buildings, and here and there on the seats under the trees you can see the busy student "cramming."

By the post-office are the Anglo-Saxon, French and German rooms, and in the Children's Temple the Hebrew sanctum. In the little chapel Professor Cummock has his classes in elocution, and over in another room the business college is in session. Up in the Museum the classes in the arts are busy. It is really like a college turned out on to the campus. But this is not the University. This is the School of Languages and special classes. The University is wholly on paper, and that in a good sense, since it is teaching by correspondence. If you have any doubt as to the feasibility of the plan, just wander down the "History of Rome" (this is an avenue with posts every few feet labeled with the successive facts in the history, and so arranged that one can "run through" the history in a few minutes), and, seating yourself in the Amphitheatre, listen to the far-reaching plans of the University as they are explained by the Chancellor. They include all the schools mentioned, and instruction in almost everything by correspondence, with some of the most distinguished men in the country — specialists in their departments. If after this there is still the remnant of a doubt as to the wisdom of calling this most valuable movement a University, let this letter which I picked up at the post-office dissipate the remnant:

C. '85, 8, 17.

DEAR MA: Send me some more "skips." I'm "busted." I am very well. Good-by.

Your affectionate son,  
J. W. Y.

## A VACATION RESORT.

This is an insignificant note in the Chautauqua harmony. In these days when everybody must go somewhere during a portion of July or August, it is no wonder that thousands and thousands come to Chautauqua. It is cool and healthy. It is full of rational fun for the children — rowing and fishing and bath-

ing mixed with temperance talks and chalk talks, and illuminated fests, and all sorts of other schemes for their amusement. It gives older people a chance to meet their friends from all over the Union, and yet to live in retirement in their cottages if they wish. It provides daily at the Amphitheatre and elsewhere lectures and concerts — wit and wisdom from the rarest and best speakers, even to satiety. It takes you out of the rut of your year's work by jostling you against some totally different worker, and still it keeps your mind pleasantly active.

You are a merchant, the man beside you is an organist, that other gentleman is an electrician, that lady a lecturer; your sympathetic interest in their work will both rest and broaden you. One can hardly measure the further good which comes from the interweaving of these different lives on a common level; the minister and the cartoonist sit down together, and each helps the other in the preparing for further preaching.

You may think I have forgotten the

C. L. S. C.

Not so. Though not the largest of the bells, its music reaches almost the world around. You know what these letters stand for. You will not make the mistake one gentleman did who thought they stood for Chautauqua Lake Steamboat Company. If you are bewildered, however, follow the finger-board to the office opposite the milk stand, and question the wide-awake-looking secretary as long as you think courteous, and, through her kindness, you will hear the echoes of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle from far-off Japan and even Africa. How wonderfully this institution has grown! It numbers a hundred thousand members, and yet some one thought Dr. Vincent a dreamer when he emphatically asserted some years ago that the Circle would some day have "a thousand readers."

How sweetly this bell has sounded, how many latent harmonies it has awakened into being! Look at the happy faces of those present who are preparing to march under the arches and up to their "recognition." Think on the hundreds in distant homes who will keep heart-step with them. This bell hath rung that cheer. Long and far may its tones go forth!

The big bell of the chime is

THE DR. VINCENT BELL.

Hourly it rings, everywhere it is heard, perfectly it sounds with all its mates, and deep and full it utters its sustaining tone. What is the power of this greater fellow, giving character and feeling to the harmony of the whole?

I will not try to tell you all the secret of this bell. But come with me. Leave Mt. Hermon, walk up to the Hall in the Grove. It is the Hall of Philosophy, but of Christian philosophy. It is the Sabbath vesper hour. A holy hush rests with the "quilted sunlight" on the assembled thousands.

The service of consecration, of faith, of trust, is read and sung. A few words are spoken;

they are catholic, they are sympathetic — sympathetic with hearts that are in trial, that are reaching Christward.

Over all broods the Holy Spirit, and from under His wings comes a new creation. Here is the secret of the bells: The soul of the great bell is true to Christ, to His power to awaken, to regenerate, to sanctify. This voices the chime.

This makes its morning notes an angel matin, calling to a new day of gladness service for the Master, and its evening tones a curfew of peace, peace.

As long as the salt and water of

consecration to Christ holds its virtue

on these bells, so long may the Christian Church pray the Lord to bear on the evening and the morning winds, the circuit of the earth, the hallowed tones of the Chautauqua Chimes!

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ing the Stockbridge and adjacent circuits, to the delight and edification of the people. He was always fresh and quaint. Often were his views original and forcibly expressed. He knew how to drive a nail in a sure place. Above most of his associates was he a born and trained controversialist. The dominant heresy, the big thunder of disbelief in his time, was Calvinism, which he pursued metaphorically with fire and sword, giving no quarter to the enemy. The great questions in debate before the people he used carefully and thoroughly to study; and any new ism which appeared on the surface, he often critically examined before it had become at all familiar to the people. On entering his room one day I saw a pile of books on his table treating of the views of William Miller in regard to the end of the world. The neighbors said it could not be true; it was impossible that a man could be so unwise and reckless; but it was true. This reputable young man, like many another, had a screw loose, and he was foolhardy enough to cast in his fortunes with the Mormons, and he is in Salt Lake to-day, having added to his one original and attractive wife eleven others less attractive, but whose souls needed to be saved by union with the faithful.

The conversion of Van Cott gave a fresh impulse to the Mormon movement in the locality. His presence made it seem quite respectable. A sneer and toss of the head were no longer a sufficient answer to the teachers of the strange faith. With this important re-enforcement, the work of conversion went on with increased rapidity, daily additions being made to the number of proselytes; and with the increase of numbers, the Mormon leaders grew bold in their assertions and movements. In his excessive confidence, the Mormon preacher, a man of ready wit and tongue-craft, threw out a challenge for any one to discuss with him in open mass-meeting the merits of the Mormon faith and practice. At first no one accepted the challenge. The Mormon would have the advantage in the debate, as he was familiar with the current and incoming faith; and no other was supposed to be familiar with the peculiarities of the new religion. Probably he anticipated no acceptance of his challenge for this reason.

At an early day the strange hallucination known as Mormonism appeared and took root in the vicinity. The first converts in the region were made in the adjoining town of New Lebanon, but their gathering place, preparatory to their removal to Zion, was in Canaan, not far from the residence of Billy Hibbard. The growth of the sect was amazing. From zero it came, in a few years, to have there a membership of one hundred and fifty or more. At first the converts came from obscure places, most of them having been non-church-goers and people of exceptional morals. Among the early converts were Parley and Orson Pratt, the former once a famous and efficient missionary and apostle, and the latter still a high dignitary of their church in Salt Lake and a authoritative exponent of the Mormon faith. The Pratts were clever sinners, with strong will and brawny muscle, richly endowed in the animal economy, but defective in the spiritual, better adapted, one would say, to act the part of a pugilist than to assume the role of the scholar or saint. But, though coarse and earthy, they were resolute and ambitious to excel rather in feats of labor or the boxing match than in the virtues of saintship. The Mormon gospel, however, struck the fancy and tastes of these men, and extended to them an opportunity for the display of their talents. The brothers embraced the new faith, and in due time bent their course to the land of promise in the West. Well do I recall the day when Orson started for the Mormon country. In passing my father's house, he stopped and leaned over the gate as he spoke a few final words, and then with rustic attire and his coat on his arm, he trudged along the dusty way, to join the caravan as it moved toward Nauvoo, the holy city of the period.

Obscure as were the Pratts, whom the most imaginative people would never have selected as apostles and prophets of a new faith, the other Mormon disciples of the place were still more inconspicuous. They were the dregs of the community, mostly very poor and usually shiftless, people waiting for something to turn up, or for some favorable wind to waft them on to fortune. Unlike Cassius, they thought the fault was not in themselves, but in the stars, that they were "underlings;" and the appearance of this new star in the West, heralding the prophet and dual revelation of God, furnished their opportunity. And they did not fail to embrace it and make the most of it. They became zealous Mormons, many of them, less conspicuous than the Pratts, aiding in building up the fortunes of the strange sect in the far West. Their departure was regarded as no loss, rather as a relief, to the community where they had been.

As long as the salt and water of consecration to Christ holds its virtue on these bells, so long may the Christian Church pray the Lord to bear on the evening and the morning winds, the circuit of the earth, the hallowed tones of the Chautauqua Chimes!

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ing the rustic aristocracy, and was of good report among his neighbors — the last man, one would think, to unite his fortunes with these religious vagrants. A young man, who had inherited wealth, who had taken a beautiful woman as a wife from one of the leading families of the country and had built an attractive home, could not conclude to pull up and follow these tramps into the wilderness. But it was whispered that John Van Cott had turned Mormon. The neighbors said it could not be true; it was impossible that a man could be so unwise and reckless; but it was true. This reputable young man, like many another, had a screw loose, and he was foolhardy enough to cast in his fortunes with the Mormons, and he is in Salt Lake to-day, having added to his one original and attractive wife eleven others less attractive, but whose souls needed to be saved by union with the faithful.

On the first day, feeling assured that the way was prepared, he made the bold charge that, whatever might be true of the rank and file, the leaders in this strange movement were rogues. The charge was a bold one, and was deftly parried by his opponent, who appealed to the intelligence and candor of the audience as to whether such an assumption was gettemanly and Christian. In such a free debate it ought to be assumed, until the contrary was proved, that he was a man of common honesty. He certainly had the advantage of his opponent, and, in this appeal, did not fail to carry the sympathies of his audience. Billy Hibbard, who at one time perceived that he had traveled ahead of his audience, gracefully yielded to the pressure from the refuent wave of popular sympathy, though he did not retract his statement. He simply waited and watched his opportunity, ready to spring on his prey when the opportune moment should arrive.

The Mormon arose to open his discourse by reading a long and able document. Hibbard objected, on the ground that this was to be a debate. The chair, however, very properly decided that he was free to go on, as nothing had been settled as to whether or not the debate should be entirely extemporaneous. To this decision of the chair he gracefully yielded; but in view of his opponent's statement, he did not suppose to be familiar with the peculiarities of the new religion. Probably he anticipated no acceptance of his challenge for this reason.

But there was one in the place who had observed the movements of the new evangelists, and though 82 years of age, had taken pains to understand the system they were setting before the people. Billy Hibbard was well read in the history and principles of Mormonism. Not satisfied with a study of the Book of Mormon, whole chapters of which he could write verbatim, he had searched every fugitive piece in newspaper, magazine and pamphlet for facts and statements on the subject, sending to England as well as to different parts of America for material.

With this furnishing for the combat, he accepted the challenge, and the order was arranged. Little did the stranger understand what kind of a cur he had by the ear; but the people of the vicinity understood and knew very well there would be music when the combatants should enter the arena. If the challenger should get off with a whole skin, they knew he would be more fortunate than most who had encountered this redoubtable controversialist. The Mormon was tonguey and vicious; his opponent was able and astute, capable of going below the surface and of hoisting his very foundations with charges of logical and theological dynamite.

On the appointed day, the people assembled in the Methodist Church at Flat Brook. There was a crowd, filling the house and the grounds around it, eager to catch every syllable.

The combatants came in armed with their documents. The chairman took his seat, arranged the order and announced the opening of the debate. The disputants were to have an hour each alternately through the day. The challenger opened the debate and was followed by Uncle Hibbard.

The fencing on either side was admirable. The Mormon improved the opportunity to open to the people the truth and beauties of the Latter Day faith, while his opponent labored to expose its weak and bad side. Both were active and diligent in the performance of their one work; both were not alike successful, as we shall see further along.

The debate ran on for three days.

The interest never once flagged. At the skill and adroitness of the Mormon, who held himself easily in the saddle, the people were not a little surprised. Often hard thrust at by his opponent, he was never once un-

horced in the first two days. He had come to be admired for his handsome riding in the presence of such a "plumed knight." In the long contest, the outcome remained uncertain. The main purpose of Hibbard was, not simply to extinguish the Mormon, but to enlighten the people as to the nature of the faith so many of them seemed ready to embrace. This main purpose in taking up the debate he accomplished satisfactorily.

On

## Miscellaneous.

## A SUMMER CARNIVAL IN CANADA.

BY MARK TRAFTON.

SECOND PAPER.

My last paper left me matriculated in the Theological College of Montreal, an institution of which the Methodists of this part of the great British Empire may be justly proud—a solid granite structure, with a spacious lot adjoining for future enlargement, and an ample and well-arranged dwelling for the president's family. Opened two years since, with rooms for forty students, its last catalogue showing a list of thirty—no females—it is a pronounced success. It stands in a commanding position, fronting a wide street, while its extended wing containing the rooms for students, and a spacious hall on the first floor, faces another street. I have no recollection of the names of the streets of this fine city, but there they are, notwithstanding. On a tablet in the spacious hall I read this inscription: "James Ferrier Hall." Senator Ferrier, a long-time and successful merchant of this city, 85 years of age, straight as an arrow, active as a youth of twenty-five (used to be), with an eye not dimmed by years, and a step showing no loss of elasticity, honored and beloved by the people, is a liberal patron of this rising college. He is the Jacob Sleeper (pardon me, my Boston friend) of Montreal Methodism.

The site of this institution might well be called the Athens of Montreal, inasmuch as it has been selected as the seat of a Congregational and a Presbyterian Theological School and a great medical college. The very air seems permeated with theologic dogma and physiologic contradictions; one could snuff controversy in the wind.

After a night's heavy sleep, I woke, and the "Sabbath drew on," and so did a cold northeast rain-storm. The Doctor gave me the arranged programme for the day. Bishop Foster is to preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., and at 3 P. M. the fortieth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the St. James Church will be observed, with the gathering of the Sunday-schools, and an address by the Bishop's chaplain! Monday evening the Bishop's lecture would be given, all which was duly carried out.

St. James Church will seat some two thousand people, and a good audience assembled to hear the American prelate. I took a seat with Bro. Torrance, as the rules of this church require officiating clergymen to appear in gown, cassock and bands, and there were but two dresses in the vestry and I had not my ample waterproof toga with me. I confess to an involuntary smile as I saw the Bishop rise in that mediæval costume, but though I had no thought of the Bishop's failure, I comforted myself with the compensating thought that should he fail, we can say the dress was a misfit and embarrassed him. But he did not fail, and yet I could see that the toggered cramp him, and he could have done better in coat and pants.

I am now about to make a confession of an act the extent and possible effect of which I did not then fully realize, as who does when a sudden temptation assails one? Passing the next day the photographic saloon of J. G. Parks, 197 St. James Street (I am thus particular in order that the reparation may be the more complete), I cast a glance upon the collection of pictures suspended by the door, and to my surprise there looked out upon me the smiling face of one of our prominent and popular American Methodist ministers in full canonicals, holding the prayer-book in his hands. Like a flash the temptation came, and acquiescence followed as quickly. "Lend me your waterproof," said I to my attending guide, Dr. Potts. "Yes," said he, "I'll step in and get it"—only the next door to the photographic saloon. Now let it be most distinctly marked and remembered, that the Doctor, though an Irishman, and fond of a guileless joke, bears no responsibility for this youthful indiscretion of mine, but was doing an act of kindness to me, which he was repeating all the time I was with him. So with the fatal garment and bands under my arm (alas! it will encircle me in its burning folds, like the shirt of Nessus, as long as I live, *mea culpa!*), I mounted the stairs and asked the operator to give me a sitting, or rather a standing. Yes, he could do it. "I will be taken in these things, if you will help me on with them," for the smiling Doctor had disappeared. And so I was arrayed in the flowing garment, and the deed was done. I received the package in Boston some time after, and then for the first time the full atrocity of the act appeared as the thought struck

like a blow in the face—that picture (may it fade out!) will be placed in the show-case, and perchance some passer-by may ask, "Who is that in costume?" and the answer will be, "An American Bishop who preached in St. James Church in July, 1885!"

The missionary exercises came off as announced, and the active Senator Ferrier was there with the same Masonic instruments—the mallet and silver trowel—which he used in laying the corner-stone forty years before. And this venerable church is to be abandoned, as the growth of the business portion of the city has crowded the population back, and a site selected farther up town.

Monday as the Bishop had to lecture in the evening, we walked around the city and looked into some of the churches—the old and grand Notre Dame, and St. Aloysius, the splendid French Cathedral. The frescoes in this last-named are not surpassed, we were told, by anything seen in Rome. One sees here, more distinctly than with us, thorough Romanism—a system as unlike the simple Gospel of Christ as it is possible to conceive; it is pure Mariolatry—worship of a woman. Her image is seen everywhere, and prayers are constantly offered to her as intercessor. If Christ appears at all, it is as a babe in the arms of Mary. One may take the name of God or Christ in vain, or link them with most blasphemous language, and no offense will be taken, but the two names which most quickly inflame a Romanist, if trifled with or reproached, are the holy Virgin and the Pope. The weakness of this entire system of Romanism is seen in its effect upon its adherents; what these descendants of the old French immigrants are today, is what their fathers were three hundred years ago. As the Jesuits found the Indian tribes in the opening of the sixteenth century when they put a drop of water upon them and made the sign of the cross, and called them Christians, so are they to-day, low, ignorant, brutal, and bloodthirsty; no education, no refinement, no enterprise, no conception of spiritual things, because they are trained in a system of sensuous worship. It is the worship of a faint being, a woman, and the example and merits of a horde of very questionable human beings raised to a fancied saintship by a conclave of men in Rome, and the flat of men called popes, many of whom, cardinals and popes, were of the vilest men who ever disgraced humanity. Saints, forsooth! It was amusing to hear an old verger in the church of St. Aloysius, who came to us to sell some pamphlets of some kind, prating of an old priest in the State of Maine who had been driven out of town by the exasperated people, with which case I remembered Mr. Blaine's name was in some manner mixed up in the late presidential election; "but now," said the old man, "the Pope is going to make a saint of him!" Pity the papal fiat could not have made a saint of him before the broil, and saved all the trouble! But more of this when we get to Quebec.

Montreal is a city of imposing and substantial architecture. A vast amount of granite is used in building, but one such a blaze as swept through Boston a few years since, would turn their attention to brick as a more reliable building material.

One thing impressed me in my brief stay there—that was the intense loyalty of the people. Victoria has no more faithful and attached subjects in all her extended empire. We smile visibly when hearing persons who never crossed the Atlantic, and never will, talk of matters at home, that is, in London. I thought of trying my hand a little at annexation—strike a dynamite bomb with a sledge-hammer, rather! I hinted it to my cool and usually quiet host, and he waked up at once and burst forth with a force and eloquence that silenced my battery of fire-crackers at once. "You had better come to us. What is your territory compared with ours? We have room for you all, and for all Europe if they were to pour upon us. You seem to think the British possessions in North America consist of a little strip of land along the banks of the St. Lawrence. Why, what do you suppose to be the extent of our territory?" Like poor Job, I could not respond, I was dumb. "Well," said he, "from Montreal to St. John's in Newfoundland is 1,300 miles; to Manitoba 1,500 miles; from there to Winnipeg, 1,000 miles; from that to Vancouver, 600 miles; from that point to Hudson's Bay, 1,500 miles; and we extend to the North Pole." "An immense territory, truly," said I; "you might take oppressed Ireland and all the Irish flooding our cities. I wish you would annex so much of us, and keep your French population at home, and we will say no more about annexation." But the tide of immigra-

tion is not to be turned to the Canadas, and will not be. The climate is too severe, the soil cold and heavy, and the warm season too short.

But where are the people of this city? I said to myself, as I tramped about. I go into Boston, and the streets are full of all sorts of vehicles, and the sidewalks so crowded that one can only move with the throng. The retail stores and shops are thronged all day, and the seven railroads centering in that city pour in and carry out more than a hundred thousand people daily. In Montreal I saw nothing of this. On the Sabbath I noticed the streets were well filled by church-goers, but where, or when, is the trading and shopping done? Looking into the dry goods stores, I saw but few customers. There were no drays to speak of, transporting merchandise, no crowded horse-cars, but a large number of hacks and cabs waiting for fares. But perhaps I do not understand their methods of business. It isn't Boston, yet I liked the quiet, and the people whom I saw, and now after my return from my month's sojourn in the Maine woods, I wish myself in the quiet of Montreal.

## HEBRENGLISH.

BY PROF. H. G. MITCHELL, PH. D.

[Concluded.]

4. The Hebrew language has no terminations to indicate comparison in adjectives. It is, therefore, necessary to resort to various circumlocutions when an adjective is to be compared. I have not found the Hebrew comparative literally translated in *Genes*; that would offend the dullest ear; but there are some cases in which this mistake has been made with reference to the superlative. In 24: 2, the phrase, "The old," or "elder of his house," by most authorities understood as "the eldest [in an official sense] of his house," "Steward" would have been far better than the "elder" of the revisers. Sometimes an abstract noun takes the place of the adjective before the genitive, but even this is not an English construction. Thus 45: 18, "The good [i.e., goodness] of the land" means "the best of the land;" and 23: 6, "the choice of our sepulchres," "the choicest of our sepulchres." Equally foreign to our language are the expressions that represent another form of the Hebrew superlative. The Hebrews said, 3: 1, "The serpent was cunning from any beast of the field;" we, however, should say neither this, nor, with the revisers, "the serpent was more subtle than any beast [including serpents] of the field," 47: 26. A passage which seems analogous to this Hebrew is 17: 14; in English, "the uncircumcised male, who is not circumcised the flesh of his foreskin, that soul shall be cut off from his people." It should read: "An uncircumcised person, a male who shall not be circumcised," etc.

One ought not, perhaps, to object to such figures as "children of the East," 29: 1, and "father of such as dwell in tents," or the circumlocutions, "father's brother," 29: 12, and "son's sons," 46: 7; but why retain such expressions as "Noah was a righteous man and perfect in his generations," 6: 9; "He that shall come forth out of thine own bowels shall be thine heir," 15: 4; "God Almighty bless thee . . . that thou mayest be a company of peoples," 28: 3; and, "His bowels did yearn upon his brother," 43: 30; or those others: "Thee have I seen righteous," 7: 1; "Thou hast misguided thy mercy," 19: 19; "I have accepted thee in this thing," 19: 21; "His bow abide in strength," 49: 24; and "The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors," 49: 26? English equivalents could surely be found for them; some of them are exceedingly awkward or offensive.

The conclusion of this whole matter is, that our version, even in its latest form, is not thoroughly English, i.e., does not represent the English language in its purity. There are those who do not seem to regard this as a fault. Says a late reviewer: "The revisers who gave us King James' version enriched the English language by their very Hebraisms. They have made the English language more like Hebrew than any other modern language! The latter sentence may be understood in two ways, but if it is true in either sense, the fact is no occasion for congratulation. It only shows that we have not yet made the substance of the Old Testament our own. When we shall have done this, we shall be able to have the precious old book in unadulterated English.

## CAMP-MEETINGS.

ASBURY GROVE, HAMILTON.

For the third time this "feast of tabernacles" began on Friday, and the result this year, as of the two previous seasons, does not justify the management in continuing the experiment, and at a meeting of the pastors and tent-masters a recommendation was made to the directors to begin the meetings earlier in the week, and Tuesday will be the time selected, doubtless.

Rev. D. Dorchester, D. D., presided over the meeting this year, and his administration of its affairs gave eminent satisfaction.

If the subject is compound, the verb generally agrees with the nearest noun. Good illustrations of the effect of this arrangement are found in the Revised Old Testament. Thus 24: 61, we read: "Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man." Why should not the slight change in the arrangement necessary to make it English have been made in this sentence?

The emphatic indicative is usually rendered as our language requires, e. g., "We saw plainly that the Lord was with thee," 26: 28, but one passage was left unintelligible, viz., 22: 17, where we read, "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven," for the simple and easy propositio, "I will richly bless thee, and I will greatly multiply thy seed, even as the stars of heaven."

Other Hebrew uses of the infinitive also are imitated by the revisers, e. g., "The man is become as one of us, to know good and evil," 3: 22; "It was done in our place, to give the young before the fire," 29: 26 (compare the next turn given to 43: 6); and, "He was come near to enter into Egypt," 12: 11. Here belongs an imitation of the

common report to be true and is to be relied upon, this was one of the best

Hebrew use of an infinitive with a preposition, "Her soul was in departing," 35: 18.

A finite verb is sometimes used in Hebrew where we should use a participle or some other construction. Thus, literally, 44: 12 is: "He searched, he began with the eldest and ended with the youngest." The revisers have, "He searched and began at the eldest and left at the youngest." They ought, of course, to have rendered it: "He searched beginning with the eldest," etc. The verb translated *begin* frequently has an adverbial force. It seems to have about this force, 9: 20, where the Revision has, "and Noah began to be an husbandman and planted a vineyard." The sense is, "Noah, the husbandman, first planted [i.e., was the first to plant] a vineyard." So, too, 11: 6: "This is what they begin to do," probably means, "This is [or see] the first thing that they have done."

7. There is room for criticism of the translation of the numerals, but with reference to these there might be difference of opinion. It is fair, however, in this connection to insist that "seven and seven," 7: 2, is not so good as "by sevens." An analogous Hebrew is found, 32: 16, in the phrase, "betwixt drove and drove."

There are several cases in which the particle translated *to* or *behold* is made to disturb the construction required in English. In 18: 9 the Hebrew idiom with respect to this particle is left undisturbed: "They said unto him, Where is Sarah, thy wife? and he said, Behold, in the tent." The last clause is the Hebrew for, "She is in the tent."

8. Thus far I have grouped the idioms quoted according to the parts of speech especially involved. There are some which cannot well be classified in this way. I will give them one after another, and first, the phrase "kids of the goats," found 27: 9, which, in English, means simply "kids." Similar cases of tautology are, "And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God," 41: 32; and, "Only the land of the priests alone became not Pharaoh's," 47: 26. A passage which seems analogous to this Hebrew is 17: 14; in English, "the uncircumcised male, who is not circumcised the flesh of the field," or, "the serpent was the most cunning of beasts of the field," or, "the serpent was more cunning than any other beast of the field." "Israel," also, according to the revisers, "loved Joseph more than all his children." Analogous to this last usage is 6: 2: "They took them wives of all that they chose," where we ought to have, "They took for wives whomever they chose."

5. There are several Hebrew usages with reference to substantives, which, to say the least, do not sound well in English. Is it, for instance, necessary to resort to various circumlocutions when an adjective is to be compared. I have not found the Hebrew comparative literally translated in *Genes*; that would offend the dullest ear; but there are some cases in which this mistake has been made with reference to the superlative. In 24: 2, the phrase, "the old," or "elder of his house," by most authorities understood as "the eldest [in an official sense] of his house," "Steward" would have been far better than the "elder" of the revisers. Sometimes an abstract noun takes the place of the adjective before the genitive, but even this is not an English construction. Thus 45: 18, "The good [i.e., goodness] of the land" means "the best of the land;" and 23: 6, "the choice of our sepulchres," "the choicest of our sepulchres." Equally foreign to our language are the expressions that represent another form of the Hebrew superlative. The Hebrews said, 3: 1, "The serpent was cunning from any beast of the field;" we, however, should say neither this, nor, with the revisers, "the serpent was more subtle than any beast [including serpents] of the field," 47: 26. A passage which seems analogous to this Hebrew is 17: 14; in English, "the uncircumcised male, who is not circumcised the flesh of his foreskin, that soul shall be cut off from his people." It should read: "An uncircumcised person, a male who shall not be circumcised," etc.

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There were 4,200 excursion tickets sold to the grounds this year against 4,500 last year. This year the season tickets were in much larger numbers than heretofore, so that there were probably more passengers carried than in any previous year. The order on Sunday and throughout the week was excellent—no disturbance of any note demanding the attention of the police. The greatest sympathy was felt and expressed for Bro. Magee, who like a wounded commander of the host lay in his tent overlooking the field, but was denied the privilege of joining in the conflict. His absence from the head of the management was sadly felt. G.

PORTLAND DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting commenced at Old Orchard, Me., Monday, Aug. 17, under the leadership of Rev. Wm. S. Jones, presiding elder. It began in the spirit of the previous holiness meeting, and continued and ended in it; the prayers were permeated with it; the exhortations were sweetened and rendered powerful by it; the experiences magnified it, and were magnified by it. From beginning to end the sermons declared its necessity, its utility, its attractiveness.

Bro. C. E. Bisbee discoursed on it as the fire from above; Parsons, as the stream of life flowing, irrigating and making fruitful and beautiful the life; Trask saw it personated, inculcated, and practiced by Christ; E. T. Adams saw it in the name and work of Him who was called "Jesus;" W. H. Meredith, of Lowell, Mass., portrayed it in a church imbued with, and witnessing by, the Spirit; W. F. Berry showed its potency in the life of the true follower of Christ; F. A. Bradson discoursed on its manifestation in the life and death of the Son, its efficiency in redeeming man from perishing and saving the believer; T. Gerrish saw its consummation in the ranks of the redeemed and glorified in heaven; Grover strengthened the heart by showing its complete mastery over fear; J. B. Liphart drew in a manner most impressive the danger of those in whose hearts and lives love is absent; E. Tinker discoursed wonderfully on the influence of love in the character and teaching of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and Patterson on its enabling a man to rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and give thanks in everything.

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and evening services many seekers bowed at the altars for prayers.

On Monday morning, Rev. T. C. Watkins, of Dorchester, presided, and in the afternoon a union anniversary of the Woman's Foreign and Woman's Home Missionary Societies was held. The speakers were Rev. L. P. Cushman, and Rev. and Mrs. S. L. Baldwin. The collection taken was divided between the two societies, and then each society had more than was given to the W. F. M. S. alone last year, so that it appears still that in union there is strength, and we could express our gratification at the meeting, and say, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for sisters to dwell together in unity."

Before this service closed, rain began to fall, and continued with increasing force, and a cold wave stole in over New England, which was exceedingly disagreeable to all who were living in the groves and by the seashore, and put an end to nearly all outside meetings for the rest of the week; but the ardor of the worshippers seemed to rise as the storm increased, and in all the society tents the meetings went on with added directness and power, and great glory rested upon the encampment. The new chapel and the new Bellingham tabernacle were both crowded at every preaching service, as was also one or two more of the largest society tents. At these the preaching was attended with blessed results. The preachers were Revs. W. P. Odell, of Salem, A. F. Bailey, of Troy Conference, Wilder, Reader, a Baptist clergyman from Marblehead, C. T. Johnson, of Stoneham, Dearborn, of Everett, Knowles, of Natick, Noon, of Newburyport, Poland, of Essex.

On Wednesday morning preaching was held at the stand, Rev. S. B. Sweet being the speaker. Rev.

## The Sunday School.

## THIRD QUARTER. LESSON XII.

Sunday, September 20.

2 Kings 5: 1-10.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

## NAAMAN THE SYRIAN.

## 1. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psa. 51: 7).

2. DATE: about B. C. 893.

3. PLACES: Damascus, the capital of Syria; Samaria, the capital of Israel; the river Jordan.

4. CONNECTION: Two miracles wrought by Elisha—the poisoned pottage prepared for the sons of the prophets at Gilgal; rendered harmless; and the multiplication of the barley leaves and corn during the famine. (2 Kings 4: 33-44).

## II. Introductory.

Our lesson contains one of the most beautiful and instructive episodes to be found in the earlier Record. King Ben-hadad, of Syria, had a general whom he highly prized—Naaman—"mighty in valor," the deliverer of his nation, but yet a man whom neither honor nor riches could make happy, for he was a leper. He had in his household a female slave—a young Hebrew girl who had been captured in one of the forays across the border, and who waited upon his wife. The maid had been trained in the faith of Jehovah. She knew about Elisha, and the wonderful things which God had wrought through him. She felt sure that he had power to heal her master, and expressed this confidence one day to her mistress. Her words were reported to Ben-hadad. The king at once decided to send his favorite to the wonder-working prophet. Supposing, of course, that a man of such endowments would be enrolled among the royal dependents, and exercise his functions only in obedience to a royal command, the Syrian king wrote a letter to King Jehoram, informing him that he sent therewith his servant Naaman to be healed by him of his leprosy. Naaman made the journey to Samaria in great state, attended by a numerous retinue, and not forgetting the usual propitiatory gifts of treasure and garments, which in this case were princely in amount and value. The consternation of Jehoram, when he read the letter of the Syrian king to his counselors, is graphically depicted. Rending his clothes, he demanded, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" Evidently he concluded his motive was to pick a quarrel in asking such an impossibility.

Jehovah's honor might have suffered in this case, had not Elisha heard of the king's dismay, and sent him a significant message. Jehoram had forgotten about the true God and His power; let Naaman be sent to him (Elisha), and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." The proud general, vexed doubtless at his reception at the palace, drove in state to the prophet's humble door. He had thought it all out just how he would be received—such a man as he: This prophet will hasten to greet me with the most respectful salutations; he will show his high sense of the honor I confer upon him by coming to his house; he will take his stand, and invoke his God in some mumbling incantation; then he will wave his hand up and down over the leprous part and I shall be healed; and then I will condescend to reward him. But his thoughts were vain. No prophet appeared to greet him. No consideration whatever was shown him—that is, nothing but a servant who told him to go to the Jordan, bathe seven times, and he would be healed. This was too much for the haughty Syrian. He flew into a rage, and turned his chariot from the door. "Bathe seven times in the muddy Jordan! What mockery! If a river-bath is all I need, are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" He would tarry no longer. He would go back home. Israel should pay for this slight.

But Naaman's attendants were more sensible than their master. They gathered about him. They asked him to think it over. How gladly would he have done "some great thing" at the prophet's bidding—why not, then, an easy thing? Naaman was persuaded at length. He hobbled his pride, drove to the Jordan, dipped himself in its turbid waters, and rose, after the seventh time, sound and whole. There was no doubt in his mind then of Jehovah's power, and he loyally gave Him henceforth the allegiance of his heart and life. He returned to Elisha and confessed his new faith, and begged him to accept a gift from his hand; but the prudent prophet refused to be clasped with the greedy priests of that day, and would not permit this benignant miracle to be in any sense paid for. Naaman was compelled to receive his healing "without money and without price."

## III. Expository.

## 1. Naaman's Captive (1-4).

1. Naaman—mentioned only in this chapter. The name means "pleasantness," or "the good fellow." Captain of the host—commander-in-chief. King of Syria.—Ben-hadad II, probably. Syria at this time had for its boundary on the north Cilicia and Amman, the Euphrates and the Desert of Palmyra on the east, Palestine on the south, and the Mediterranean on the west. A great man with his master—occupied a high place in his confidence, and held high offices under him. By his Lord had given deliverance.—In the Hebrew conception all nations were under Jehovah's control, and military success or defeat was ascribed to Him. Hence, to the writer of the Book of Kings Naaman's eminence was traceable to the good fortune which Jehovah had granted him in permitting him to deliver his country from the foe. To the Syrian king, Naaman probably appeared to be the syrian god Rimmon. What "the deliverance" was which he wrought, is not clear. There is no foundation for the rabbinical tradition that Naaman was the man whose bowl, drawn "at a venture," had slain Aban. Rawlinson finds on inscriptions at Nineveh indications of an Assyrian conquest of Syria about this time, and conjectures that Naaman had been successful in breaking this

foreign yoke. A mighty man in valor, but... a leper—a "but" that ruined all. Vain all his valor, renown, wealth, with life poisoned at its very fountain. Apparently the Hebrew law of utter seclusion for the leper did not exist in Syria.

2-4. Syrians had gone out by companies—marauding bands, crossing the frontier for plunder. Brought away captive.—No tenderness was shown in these hostile incursions in those days. A predatory band made short work with a hamlet, murdering without mercy the aged and helpless, seizing whatever spoils could be easily carried, and not forgetting a choice captive or two for the slave market. A little maid—a young girl, not necessarily, or probably, a child. Waited on Naaman's wife.—Probably, therefore, she was beautiful or graceful; but her real worth did not appear on the surface. She said unto her mistress—forgetting her own sad captivity in her sympathy for her new and afflicted master. "Would... that it might be God's will! My lord was with the prophet... in Samaria." His flesh came again.

—The ulceration and disfiguring scars all disappeared, and the flesh beneath was as fresh and healthy as that of a child. Returned to the man of God—making a backward journey of about thirty-two miles; returning, as did the Samaritan leper whom our Lord healed, to "give glory to God." Stood before him—Elisha was willing to receive him now. "No God in all the earth but is Israel." He realized that there was no other God but Jehovah, and declared himself his worshiper and servant henceforth. Take a blessing of thy servant.—The grateful man longed to load the prophet down with gifts. I will receive none.—The Syrian must never forget that his cure was wrought by the grace of God, and that God's praises, unlike the heathen wonder-workers, were not greedy for pay. Further, the service of pseudo-prophets had brought the sacred office into disgrace.

## IV. Infallible.

1. God's grace, even under the Jewish dispensation, was not restricted to the "peculiar people."—The grateful man longed to load the prophet down with gifts. I will receive none.—The Syrian must never forget that his cure was wrought by the grace of God, and that God's praises, unlike the heathen wonder-workers, were not greedy for pay. Further, the service of pseudo-prophets had brought the sacred office into disgrace.

## V. Naaman's Journey (5-10).

5. Go to go—equivalent to "Very well, go," i.e., to Israel. I will send a letter unto the king.—Being a king, he will deal only with a king. The prophet was, in his nation probably, nothing but a wonder-worker, a dependent of the king, obeying him as the magicians obeyed Pharaoh. Took with him.—He made the journey with a princely retinue, and carried a magnificent sum of money to purchase his cure. Ten talents of silver—between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars. Six thousand pieces of gold—"shekels of gold," according to Rawlinson. Coined money came later, in the time of Cyrus. Bagster gives \$48,000 as the value of the gold. Ten changes of raiment—mostly robes, very acceptable as presents.

6. Brought the letter.—In a straight line, the distance is reckoned at 110 miles from Damascus to Samaria. Evidently the art of writing was in use at this time, and the Syrian and Hebrew tongues were not so diverse but that conversation and correspondence could be intelligibly carried on between people of the two countries. King of Israel—supposed to have been Jehoram, the son of Ahab. Now when this letter—the introduction and concision are evidently omitted; only the principal message is given. Sent Naaman—that that thou mayest recover him—that is, that you may order your chief of the magicians to effect his cure.

7. Rent his clothes—in alarm and indignation that he was considered an affront put upon him by the Syrian king. He knew nothing of the circumstances which led to this abrupt and extraordinary demand. Am I God to kill and to make alive?—Does this Syrian king look upon me as God, that asks me to do what only God can do, who giveth life and removeth from life at His sovereign pleasure? To the king of Israel leprosy was "the parable of death," incurable by human means, yielding only to supernatural power. Consider, I pray you—spoken probably, to his counselors, but only to them we must refer to the somewhat pleasure of God those events whose meaning and reason we cannot yet discover (Todd).

8. Naaman's After History.

It is in keeping with the ideas of the age, that the grateful Syrian should ask leave to carry back to Damascus two miles' burden of earth, to build a altar to Jehovah upon the soil of his own land; on which alone, men would then think, He could be rightly honored. The altar, moreover, would be a memorial to the God of Israel in a foreign land, like the synagogue raised, ages later, by the Jews of Nahardae in Persia, all the stones and earth of which had been brought from Jerusalem. He makes only one request more, and this the prophet, with a fine anticipation of Christian charity, tactfully grants: When his master, leaving up his arm, required him to go to the Jordan, and the prophet had to prostrate himself before the god he tried to rally, but simply with the purpose of vindicating Jehovah's honor both before this heathen general and his apostate king and countrymen. A prophet in Israel,—Jehoram had indignantly disclaimed the power to execute the divine prerogatives, but he had ignored the presence in his capital of one who did represent Jehovah, and could, in that capacity and under proper conditions, even "kill and make alive." [It was well that the king should be reminded of the prophet's existence, but he would forthwith forthwith, but simply with the purpose of vindicating Jehovah's honor both before this heathen general and his apostate king and countrymen. A prophet in Israel,—Jehoram had indignantly disclaimed the power to execute the divine prerogatives, but he had ignored the presence in his capital of one who did represent Jehovah, and could, in that capacity and under proper conditions, even "kill and make alive." 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CONTENTS.	
Original Articles.	PAGE
A Cradle Hymn (poem). — Chautauqua Chimes. — Billy Hibbard and the Mormon. — New York Letter.	281
A Summer Carnival in Canada — Hebrews. — Camp-meetings. OUR BOOK TABLE.	282
The Sunday-school.	
Advertisements. COMMERCIAL	283
Editorial.	
EDITORIAL NOTES. Public Prayer. — The Need of Judicial Reforms. EDITORIAL COMMENT. Personal and Miscellaneous. — Chautauqua Letter.	284
Church News.	
Reading Notices, Marriages, Money Letters, etc. — Advertisements.	285
The Family.	
The Unfruitful Tree (poem). — A Visit to the Mammoth Cave. — Into Thy Fold (poem). — That Fair Land (poem). — Thought of Founding. — The Mother's Dream. — The Little Folks. — Hooking Apples. — FOR YOUNG AND OLD. GEMS OF THOUGHT. — Contentment (poem). — Religious Items.	286
Obituaries.	
To the Front — One Million Dollars for Missions for 1885. — Advertisements.	287
The Week.	
CHURCH REGISTER. Reading Notices. — Advertisements.	288
ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.	

## Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 9, 1885.

"Sometimes I do not feel in the mood for praying, and then I don't pray," said a depressed brother to his friend one day. To this the friend replied by asking, "What have your moods to do with your duty? Mood or no mood, it is your duty to pray. If you really want God to bless you, He will not refuse your request because of your mental depression." This was certainly good counsel, for to neglect prayer when moody is a sure way to increase one's depression, while prayer soon transforms a dull mood of mind into the lively cheerfulness of faith, love, and hope. One beam of light from the face of Jesus can dispel the gloomiest mood that ever darkened the soul of man.

When God shut Noah into the ark, he had no choice between quietly abiding within it or forcing his way through its windows to destruction. It is even so with a man who by stern providences is "shut up" within clearly marked lines of disagreeable and painful duties. Within those lines there are many trials of faith; but beyond them is the wide, tempestuous sea of disobedience and destruction. It is, therefore, the part of the man of faith and wisdom to stand patiently at the post of duty, enduring hardness like a good soldier until God's own hand opens the door and sets him free, as he did Noah when the flood had subsided. Thus doing, though his "weeping may endure for a night," yet "joy cometh in the morning." It is better to die within the lines of duty than to revel in the widest, freest realm of sinful delight.

### PUBLIC PRAYER.

The manner and the matter of public prayer are very delicate subjects for criticism, and yet it forms one of the most important features in the service of the sanctuary. The advantages of extemporaneous prayer are seen in their adaptation to the varying wants of the worshipers, to the circumstances of the hour, in more nearly approaching the true idea of prayer as a supplication, and in their tendency to awaken emotions corresponding with the leader of the devotions. But the perils of extemporaneous public prayer arise from the embarrassment of the minister, his self-consciousness, his loss of self-possession, his formal round of phrases, his effusiveness and self-abandonment. Public prayer is something very different from secret prayer where a man is alone with his God; where he can utterly open his heart under the divine eye, and be entirely unconscious of any other presence. It is something quite different from the social prayer offered in a circle of religious disciples and those in sympathy with the services of the hour, where a wider scope may be given to personal spiritual wants, or be more narrowly limited to certain immediate blessings desired.

The public prayer is a vital portion of the worship of the Lord's day. It is a general expression of adoration and reverence in behalf of all the audience, the offering of gratitude and praise for public and common blessings; it is the open and humble confession of sin, the believing and thankful recognition of the divine plan of mercy in Christ Jesus to pardon all iniquity and to cleanse the heart and life. It is the hour to recognize God's hand in any signal providence, national or local, which may have occurred, or to ask His intervention in any public calamity or effort for reform. Scripture enjoins the sincere prayer for all rulers, and by natural inference for all in charge of important public interests, like the schools for the training of children and youth, and the places of confinement for the victims of their vices and crimes. Before we pray for our daily bread, we are taught, in that wonderfully comprehensive prayer recited by our Lord, to remember the

kingdom of God upon the earth and its spread and triumph among the nations. Naturally the public prayer will close with an earnest petition for the presence of the Holy Spirit, and His benedictions upon the word about to be spoken.

We have been struck, after considerable opportunity of worshiping under the ministry of a large number of clergymen, with the limited character of many of the public prayers in which we have joined. They were confined to the main thought of the Scripture about to be expounded, or to some development of Christian experience, or to the adaptations of the Gospel to all human discipline — excellent enough in their way, well adapted to a social prayer-meeting, but failing to meet the requisitions of a public service of worship. Such ministers never think of praying for the President and the country, unless the Fourth of July comes upon the Sabbath. They never recognize the hand of God in public events, never pray for the teachers of schools and colleges, for the tempted business men in their congregations, for young men just in the deciding hours of life, or for those who minister to the sick in moments of imminent peril.

The opposite to this is the prayer of information far more to be deprecated. Such prayers are often running histories of the events of the week, intimations to the Lord of the different characteristics of the persons present in the audience, a full statement of the plan of salvation, and of what it is necessary for God to do for sinners; a recital, when another is to preach, of the work he has heretofore done, and what he is now doing for the church, with a representation of the general conditions of the church. All this may be uttered in a very reverent way, the sentences quite often commencing in a supplicating form, but wandering away into recitals, addresses, or exhortations. This is not prayer; it is poor preaching upon one's knees.

Sometimes the prayer is a simple ebullition of emotion. It commences in a high strain of exalted feeling, and sweeps on in bursts of sentiment or simple sound. It is intended, perhaps, to awaken the religious sensibilities of the hearers. In the instances of the more susceptible it may be successful. This, however, is not prayer, but an exceptionable form of praise.

Some ministers, singularly enough, have shirked from any preparation for public prayer. It has seemed to them a form of pharisaic worship to give thought to it before its utterance.

But public prayer, of all the services of holy worship, should be thoughtfully considered. Only after the most careful preparation, and in the strictest performance of the established rites, did the ancient priest enter the holy place to make intercession for the people. It is not in the expression of his own manifest temporal and spiritual necessities, or of his own adoring sentiments, that the preacher bows in worship. He bears a censor to be filled with the prayers of the people. He is to represent the worship, the want, the penitence, the trust, of the great congregation, and to ask of the Almighty Father blessings upon his own land and upon all the nations of the earth, for He has made us brethren. We would not advise the committing of prayers as some do, nor the writing out and reading of them as we have known others to do — the very knowledge of which destroys in a measure their devotional influence over the hearer — but we would counsel their conscientious consideration. One of our now venerable ministers, whose prayers are remarkably comprehensive and devout, says that in his early experience he was sometimes greatly embarrassed in his public prayers, lacking both freedom and breadth in them. He made the matter a subject of prayerful study, read the ancient collects which embodied the devout supplications of holy saints, and such collections of prayers as he could obtain. In this way he greatly enriched his own religious experience, enlarged the scope of his petitions, and became accustomed to reverent and spiritual expressions in his public suplications.

The public prayer should have no eccentricity about it to call attention to itself. It should avoid all personality. There is no greater profanation of worship than to make prayer a pure moral air is breathed. But it is hardly the rule; certainly the exceptions are very numerous. The struggle which is going on in many court rooms presents itself to the observer as an effort to evade justice. The arts by which the right is defeated assume a prominence which almost conceals the purpose for which the nation has established temples of justice. And it is from this side — the side of the wrong-doer — that the public unconsciously approaches the court and the bar. In short, a de-

great work of redemption upon the earth, and seeks to quicken the sense of personal responsibility in securing its consummation. In short, it should be a service of holy worship for the benefit of all, in which solemn adoration and praise, humble confession and supplication for public and spiritual blessings, with immediate requests for special aid in the worship of the hour, should be judiciously intermingled. Of course we have not forgotten the vital relation of the Holy Spirit to all true prayer. His absence renders all prayer of little benefit. His presence does not change the laws of mind or of utterance, and His grace will be more readily bestowed than His offices are thoughtfully apprehended and the true ends of worship are devoutly considered.

### THE NEED OF JUDICIAL REFORMS.

The honor of being the most influential profession may be disputed between the clergy and the lawyers. Each body of men touches in one way or another every part of society.

Each has its inefficient members;

each has to confess to failures in the aggregate results of its work and influence. It is not, therefore, in any spirit of professional jealousy that we take up the failure of the legal system under which we live to secure justice to all men who live under it. We should not write of it if the American Bar Association had not recently considered the evils of protracted litigation and heard a very able but melancholy report from two of its most eminent members. No event of the latter half of August was more important than this report of Judges Field and Dillon to the lawyers of the nation. It is almost an indictment of the profession, so strong are the statements. For after showing that the average lawsuit in some States has a lifetime of six years, and in no State is less than eighteen months; after having pointed out that these protracted suits are as uncertain as they are wearisome and expensive; after having pointed at the dilatory methods of lawyers and the dilatory habits of courts, and the confusion which is constantly being added to by careless legislation in which lawyers share, and which they might prevent, the illustrious committee says: "We are obliged to admit that most of the blame for the delay and uncertainty which we have been discussing rests upon the profession of which we are members, in both its branches, whether on the bench or at the bar." Such an avowal should command the attention of every good citizen.

The facts given in the report show, among other things, that from twenty to fifty per cent. of the cases appealed from lower to higher courts issue in a reversal of the lower court. This fact can hardly be explained except upon the assumption that the inferior courts are presided over in many cases by men of a temper or an ignorance which unfit them for judicial functions. An appeal is the most dilatory of all dilatory proceedings. The appellate courts are overloaded, and years elapse while an appeal is waiting its turn. The points involved in the majority of these appeals are not novel; they have often been decided, and quite uniformly decided in different States. The reversal of a decision below shames the judge who rendered it in ignorance of the laws he ought to have known. The judge in such a case is a better politician than lawyer, and more anxious to secure a re-election than to render decisions which will stand the test of appeal. The evil, then, goes back to the system of electing judges by popular ballot, for fixed terms. The pernicious character of the system has often been exposed, but as yet there is no sign of reform in the portions of the country where the evils of this method of making judicial officers are most prevalent.

We believe that the eminent lawyers who prepared the report we are considering, take too much blame upon their profession. The evil is farther back. It is in general indifference to the moral issues, or general disbelief in the possibility of a better judiciary. No doubt the judges could reform much of the evil; but the judges themselves are a product of an ancient system.

The court should be a sacred place where wrongs are righted, where equal and exact justice is meted out in the name of the just God. Often this is the fact. There are courts where a pure moral air is breathed. But it is hardly the rule; certainly the exceptions are very numerous. The struggle which is going on in many court rooms presents itself to the observer as an effort to evade justice. The arts by which the right is defeated assume a prominence which almost conceals the purpose for which the nation has established temples of justice. And it is from this side — the side of the wrong-doer — that the public unconsciously approaches the court and the bar. In short, a de-

moralization has been effected in general feeling, and it is here that the evils have their roots. The legal profession is full of clear and high-minded men; the bench is graced with virtue and learning; but the public pays another class of lawyers and elects too often another kind of judge. The honest man who is wronged makes the best possible terms with his oppressor, and keeps out of the courts where delays and uncertainties prevail. The litigants are sifted before the litigation begins, and only the coarse and vulgar clients — or mainly such — are left to be dealt with. It is probably such facts which lead a forbidding air to rural courts in many places. There is desperate need of reform in the administration of the law of the land. The reform must depend upon an improvement in public opinion.

### THE NEED OF JUDICIAL REFORMS.

Many warm friends in Maine and in this vicinity have read with kindly and tender recollections the announcement of the death, in Old Town, Me., last Thursday, of Mrs. Grace C. Marston, the esteemed mother-in-law of the publisher of this paper. Her death was not unexpected. She has been quite feeble for a long period, and has reached the ripe age of eighty-five. Her husband, Mr. George F. Marston, died over thirty years ago. Before she died she was the last living member of her own family circle; her brothers and sisters had long preceded her to the grave. The last of one of her own children, Mrs. Esther Weed, died, greatly beloved and lamented, in Newton, in 1874. Mrs. Marston was a native of Sandwich, N. H. She has been for over seventy years a member of the Methodist E. Church. With her husband for many years, until his lamented death in 1852, she was connected with the Pine Street Church in Bangor, and her pleasant home was well-known and appreciated by our older ministers of the Maine Conference. Mrs. Marston had an eminent clear and rich religious experience. She greatly enjoyed public and social religious services as long as her strength permitted her to attend upon them. She bore with trusting submission the long succession of afflictive providences which fell upon her family circle. They all drew her nearer to her Redeemer, and made the anticipation of heaven all the sweeter. In later years, since so large a portion of the beloved household had passed over the river, she talked constantly of her heavenly home and of the dear ones who would meet her on the other shore. Her Bible was her constant companion and her unfailing source of comfort. She was troubled with no doubts in reference to its inspiration or revelations. It was the Word of God to her, and its promises never failed of fulfillment in her experience. After many severe attacks, borne with remarkable patience, from which she has unexpectedly recovered hereto, she finally came to the last struggle, and divinely sustained, peacefully passed to her rest, and to that blissful reunion with the dear departed ones from whom she had been so long separated. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest."

One of our secular papers published from the columns of an English exchange a very depressing account of the condition of the corps of missionaries under the care of Bishop Taylor at St. Paul de Loanda, intimating their extreme suffering through sickness, and the probable failure of the enterprise, if not the deaths of nearly the whole company. But now Bishop Taylor writes to Treasurer Grant of his transit fund, in New York, at a station three hundred miles from Loanda, where he is preparing a new settlement and headquarters for his mission family. He has secured a mile and a half of two thousand acres, from which he thinks ample support for a mission family can be obtained. The people receive them heartily, although they have not learned their language and have no interpreter. Bishop Taylor finds his plan of building houses in advance for his families at different stations — the purpose for which he had journeyed into the interior — embarrassed by the impossibility of finding timber. In his journey of three hundred miles he had not seen a stick of timber that could be split or sawed — nothing but crooked shrubs. He hopes, however, to find the desired forests further in the interior. He can buy a permanent stone building as a central station, where he is now, for \$900, and he calls upon his friends for this sum. Here he proposes to place two large families, with two young men — a teacher and a printer — eighteen in all. While awaiting the money from home, he will go on further into the interior and try to open other mission stations. Dr. Summers, with twenty carriers and supplies, had gone on some hundred miles further in. He will not send for more recruits until all the present families are settled, but thinks he shall want a dozen or two to arrive in Loanda by next May. All the sick, except Miss Rees, are recovering. He thinks she may have concluded to return home, although she was improving at the last report. He regrets the great expense of the undertaking, but thinks they will soon learn "short cuts," and be able to avoid unnecessary expenses. He writes full of courage, hope, and faith.

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Among the responses from religious associations and from individuals to the frontal frontiers of the world, the most vigorous and effective is the pamphlet from the pen of Rev. William Arthur, entitled "Hush, or Speak Out?" and printed at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. We are indebted to our London correspondent for a copy. It reads like the solemn and weighty utterances of an ancient prophet. The author leaves no doubt as to his answer to the question. He declares it to be the Christian duty of the moment to "cry aloud and spare not." He meets with unflinching courage and overwhelming force of argument the attacks of the *Spectator* upon the paper publishing the awful details and upon the men who have given a practical direction to the popular horror and excitement, by seeking adequate legislation to cure the evil. He calls upon Christian ministers, teachers, and men of influence to unite in the work of exposing this fearful moral corruption, and in defending the coming generation from its malarial breath. "The occasion," he says, "is not one for coarse words or extreme proposals, but for absolute decision in gentleness and for calculated action which can persevere. Ministers of religion can speak. Journalists can speak; magistrates and private men of influence can speak; each in the method suited to his place, but only so that his weight may be felt on the right side. The work that schoolmasters and school-mistresses may do largely for the future, but its price is incalculable. May God inspire them for it. It is quite possible that the men who have brought shame upon every man in England, at least upon every one in the light of whose

countenance should not be cast down, not a few may repeat their deeds and go forth in the holy name of God to do what in them lies to rescue His offending creatures from the way that leads men and nations downward."

If it were telegraphed from China that a body of American workmen had been deliberately shot down by a mob of Chinamen; that they had been driven away from their place of employment; that their houses had been burned down over their heads; that they had been driven to the mountains where they were starving in their terror; that from forty thousand had been killed, and that this was a concerted movement to be followed by like attacks upon other companies of American laborers, what an excitement would be created in this country, and with what tempestuous would reparation be demanded by the Chinese government! But this is just what has occurred to Chinamen at Rock Springs coal mines in Wyoming at the hands of a mob of American miners. We trust the honor of the country will be amply vindicated. If the civil force under the call of the governor of Wyoming is not sufficient, we hope the United States forces will respond to his request for their interference. Evidently these lawless men forming a murderous mob take license in their barbarous violence from the unchristian legislation of our Congress in reference to the emigrants from China. It is to be hoped that such adequate punishment will be inflicted upon the leaders of this brutal attack, as will prevent its repetition. It will be a humiliating matter for our Government to have its attention called to such an outrage by the Chinese minister, and will afford a poor illustration of the higher civilization of a Christian country.

We were astonished last week, as a gentleman unrolled in our office a map of the town of Seattle, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory. It was not the map of a prospective town, but of a real city of twelve thousand inhabitants, with a magnificent hotel, an opera house, a university, seven or eight churches, daily and weekly papers, and long streets of elegant stores. Forty steamboats have been counted at its docks and in the deep, navigable Sound connecting it with the Pacific Ocean. All this is the history of only four or six years. It is the commercial outlet of a rich and beautiful surrounding country, with a climate remarkably equable, the thermometer rarely falling as low as the freezing point or rising above 90 degrees, with rich mines, forests of the finest timber, choice fisheries, and soil productive of all the grains and fruits of the temperate zone. Now that the Northern Pacific road is completed, the better class of emigrants, as well as of our own Eastern families, will be sure to find their way into this productive and inviting region. There is no grander mountain scenery in the world than the tourist finds in Washington.

Dr. Rust and Harrell issue a large double-faced chart upon very thick paper. On one side is an outline map of the United States, presenting the comparative illiteracy of the different portions of the country, with the several amounts of money devoted in the several States to public education. This significant illustration of the common peril to all, arising from the starting illiteracy in the Gulf and adjoining States, becomes a very effective appeal in behalf of the grand educational efforts of the Freedmen's Aid Society. On the reverse side of the sheet are fine engraved illustrations of twenty of these schools' and collegiate institutions, with statements of the work of the Society in bold type. This chart the secretaries will send to any pastor who will agree to raise at least his apportionment for the Society, or to any individual donor of at least \$5. By giving the pledge upon a postal sent to the office of the Freedmen's Aid Society, Cincinnati, Ohio, a chart will be received by mail.

### Personal and Miscellaneous.

The parlors of the Conservatory of Music, last Wednesday evening, were crowded with a brilliant and happy company of friends, bearing their congratulations to Dr. Eben Touzé and family upon the marriage of his daughter — Miss Clara Schumann Touzé. At Tremont St. Church a short time before this gathering, Dr. Touzé gave away this daughter in marriage to Dr. Everett M. Nelson, of Lowell. Rev. S. F. Jones, the pastor, officiated on the occasion, in the presence of a large audience. The young couple have the heartiest wishes of Zion's HERALD for their happiness and blessedness in both worlds.

Babyhood for September keeps up the interest of this somewhat unique publication. It is a magazine for mothers, edited by Dr. Yale and Marion Harland. It treats of the health and welfare of the young, and the education of the young. Dr. Touzé gave away this daughter in marriage to Dr. Everett M. Nelson, of Lowell. Rev. S. F. Jones, the pastor, officiated on the occasion, in the presence of a large audience. The young couple have the heartiest wishes of Zion's HERALD for their happiness and blessedness in both worlds.

The Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are about to act upon the question of a change of name to that of Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The *Texan Christian Advocate* devotes nearly half of one issue to a symposium upon the question, embracing over two hundred names from five different Conferences. The able responses favor no change, and the majority of those desiring the change are not satisfied with the name proposed. The result, doubtless, will be that the name chosen at the first General Conference will be permitted to remain beforefore.

It was generally announced in the public press that the *Current*, the fresh, vigorous literary weekly of Chicago, had failed and would be discontinued. Much sympathy was expressed for its enterprising proprietor, Mr. Wakeman, who had invested his fortune in it. This sympathy has evidently taken a practical form. The friends of the publisher have come forward with the requisite aid, and the paper keeps on, without interruption, with new life breathed into it, fully meeting the high intellectual promise with which it commenced.

The *Catholic Review* affirms,

five thousand or two he has in his person and wherewithal. He was a very successful went to New York of no minister only felt during the pulpit. Numerous speaker, form, constantly for benevolent spirit, with a through his effective and delivered ten special school in audiences and who listened to it passed away, and very able for many years

and scholars on the Internationals by Chaplain ship — the they will no longer made in the Old Testament in the lesson written by him a copy of the

found an answer, that all who will have fifteen. We trust all generous offer at once, and easing the circuit our people.

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## The Churches.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston Preachers' Meeting re-assembled in Wesleyan Hall, last Monday morning. The usual class-meeting exercises were followed by a consideration of the question how to reach the masses, discussed by Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D.

Personal. — Rev. A. B. Kendig, D. D., has been engaged by the Y. M. C. A. of Boston to deliver a series of addresses on Sunday afternoons in Tremont Temple. A large audience listened with great interest to his first address last Sunday on "That Husband of Mine." The Ruggles St. Quartette conducted the singing.

Winthrop St. — On Sunday four joined on probation, and two were baptized.

Lowell, Worthen St., was favored with the services of Rev. Geo. E. Reed, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., last Sunday. The Doctor has been on a pedestrian tour through the White Mountains, in company with Rev. Jas. Boyd Brady, of Heding, Jersey City, and Rev. W. L. Phillips, of St. John's, Brooklyn.

Hamilton Park is the new name given to the settlement in the grove outside the limits of the Ashbury camp-ground, formerly called the Retreat. This park now contains about a dozen of the largest cottages in or near the camp-ground, and several of the buildings are commodious, beautiful and well-suited for permanent residence.

Westfield. — Rev. E. A. Titus is delivering a series of popular Sunday evening sermons, specially adapted to interest the young people. His topic last Sunday evening was, "The Wealth of Integrity."

West Parish and Granville. — The Conference year opened, and has passed along, very pleasantly. Two cordial receptions were given to the pastor, Rev. J. Wood, and a hearty co-operation has been tendered to him in all church work. Bro. and Sister Samuel Drake, of West Parish, and Sister Samuel Davis, of Granville, have passed to their eternal reward. The spiritual interest in the church is good. Quite a number of the friends attended Northampton camp-meeting, and having received a rich blessing, are ready to do earnest work for God.

The singing, led by Rev. J. B. Hamilton, was of a superior character, and

love to bring all the powers of human life to the highest point of excellence — to train mind and heart. An army of witnesses can testify to the help they have received by means of the agencies here made use of.

The spirit of the place with many is one of study and investigation. People can be as idle as at the mountains or seaside if they wish. But many of them have come here for a very different purpose. They are seeking knowledge. Lines of investigation have been suggested, and here they may follow them. So it is not surprising to see many studying as faithfully as if they were in the high school or college. At this place young people have received an impetus that has led them to seek a college education. Middle-aged and old people have felt a rekindling of early fires and youthful enthusiasm, and they have determined to secure a broader outlook. If any one chooses to do nothing but sleep late, dress well, boat ride, play at croquet or lawn tennis, lounge in the parks and eat peanuts and candy, or ride the roller coaster, they can do so. But they cannot dance, or drink, or gamble. Such is the spirit of the place, that it is one of the rarest things to hear a profane or vulgar word. We are inaugurating in this country a new civilization. And we find many who are willing to come within its restrictions, and put themselves and their families in a place surrounded by Christian influences, where horse jockeys and gamblers do not predominate.

One of the pleasant things of Chautauqua is its social spirit. Not that everybody is social here any more than at any other place. But when we think of the thousands who are in attendance during these summer meetings, see the ease with which acquaintances are made, and the social intermingling of the crowds, we are impressed that there is but little of caste in the social life of the place. Never was more of an effort made to cultivate it than the present season. The different C. L. S. C. classes had meetings, excursions, reunions, and handshakings many; and while they cultivated the class spirit, they were doing much for the social life of the grounds. The various receptions held at different times gave the people an opportunity to meet many of the prominent workers of the Assembly, thus finding in their hearts that here the "rich and the poor meet together."

There is a musical spirit present at this place. If it be true that "music hath charms," they are felt here. We have it from the old-fashioned singing-school up — voice culture and harmony, and instrumental music, organ, cornet, piano, guitar. The great organ was never made to yield sweeter music than under the touch of Prof. Flager. The chorus choir was in charge of Profs. Sherwin and Case. These with a half dozen soloists, the Schubert quartet, and the Fisk Jubilee, could produce a concert equal to anything we could hear in most of our large cities.

The season has ended. The crowds have gone away. But the hard work will be done in thousands of homes during the fall and winter months. It would be a help in every community if the pastors would lead their people in this matter, especially in the Literary and Scientific Circle. If they are unable, by press of work, to read the course with them, at least they can assume the general oversight, and speak encouragingly to the people, very many of whom would regard this Circle as a God-send, to help them in some measure make amends for past educational failures.

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There is a musical spirit



(Continued from page 2.)

hortations and prayers, that the old-time earnestness and fire had not all departed from the church. Many of the sermons were grand, and rose to the demands of the occasion, and we said to ourselves, they are fully equal to any of the efforts of the fathers, in all that makes up a camp-meeting sermon.

If we were to make any criticism, it would be on the tendency to make fine points in philosophy and logic that a camp-meeting audience would neither feel nor appreciate. The sermons that move the people are the need of the camp meeting. We were convinced of this point from the constant reports that came to us from many who were working in the congregations—that they found large numbers who were convinced that they were sinners, and yet they were not moved to go forward to duty. The results of the meeting cannot now be estimated. Backsliders were reclaimed, cold and formal Christians were warmed and empowered, and worldly men, women and youth in goodly numbers were won to Christ, some of them from influential social positions. The real benefits flowing from camp-meetings are still numerous.

We have heard it claimed recently that a camp-meeting would pay if it were simply the privilege of the clergy to come together to preach to each other and labor together in earnest prayer and faith for the salvation of souls. Camp-meeting work becomes not only a stimulus in preaching, but in all the varied work of soul-saving and in keeping up the connectional bonds of the church. The Methodist Church is one, and her people have always had a fame for their oneness of spirit and labor, but some of the old-time means for uniting have passed away. The former quarterly meeting and four days' meeting which used to draw the people from large sections and be a real inspiration, have passed away, but in the camp-meeting we have this means of union and inspiration still abiding. We also receive a quickening of the spiritual life of large numbers of believers, and they return to their church work with renewed zeal and become helpful laborers with the pastor in carrying forward multiplied revivals during the months immediately following the meetings.

The supreme thought with many may be that the meeting is a failure unless many souls are there saved; still from many meetings solitary cases have been saved which from a human standpoint would compensate for the entire expenditure, and secondary results have obtained which far exceed the gathering to Christ of many souls on the ground. As a church that has received great blessing from the camp-meeting, we are under obligation to make them a still greater force by intensifying their power and broadening their influence. GEC. H. MANSFIELD.

NOBLEBORO CAMP MEETING.

This meeting commenced Aug. 17 and closed the 22d. Wisely directed by the presiding elder of Rockland district, Rev. C. A. Palmer; well supported by eloquent preachers, such as originate down East in large numbers; fully attended by the people; ably sustained by a board of trustees, composed of business men who have the sole management of its finances; and above all favored with the Divine Presence, Nobleboro camp-meeting is not greatly inferior to the very best.

STATEMENT.

Cash received from January 1 to August 1, 1885, \$415,730 45

The Fall Conferences raised last year (and certainly no charge, or district, or Conference will fall behind last year at such a time as this) . . . . . 300,000 00

John M. Phillips, treas. of the Missionary Society, has in his hands easily-convertible securities which he has received from estates this year . . . . . 40,000 00

We have received unconditional pledges of increase from presiding elders and pastors amounting to . . . . . 50,000 00

Pledges have been made on what we call "The Last End \$100,000" am'ting to Rev. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, in supporting many schools in Japan, China and India, for the benefit of which he will place in our treasury this year . . . . . 13,000 00

Total in sight. . . . . \$831,430 45

Needed yet to bring the total for 1885 up to a million dollars . . . . . 168,569 55

\$1,000,000 00

## TO THE FRONT.

REV. H. W. CONANT.

The nation's dead hero so lately buried was distinguished for the ability displayed in pressing to the front, as well as in the discipline of his army and the strategy displayed in the disposition of his forces. "All quiet on the Potowmack," was the standard morning telegram in the daily papers of the country for months under the generalship of McClellan. No such telegrams came from the Army under Grant. In his farewell address to his army he said, "Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, sum the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the parlor's precedent in the defence of liberty and right in all time to come." It was in his eagerness to attack the enemy in his strongholds as well as in his weak positions that his great strength lay. This untiring activity, this ceaseless warfare, inspired hope in the country, courage in the army, and fear in the enemy. It was a guarantee of victory in the nation's darkest hour.

Shall the temperance forces learn wisdom from his example? Does not the increased interest of humanity and religion urge them to the front, to force the issue between the rum power and the people of this country? Does not the success of the church of Christ as a mis-

sionary agency demand a decisive battle?

The Dark Continent is now an object of special importance to the Christian world. Missionary money, prayer and love are pouring into Africa in the name of Him who came to save that which was lost. For such effort the call is imperative. "Go," is the command. But is there not another failing on the ear-to-day—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord?" Hear the statement of M. and Mme. Mabille, in letters from South Africa, Morija, Basutoland, July 1, 1885, and decide whether duty calls or not:

"Brandy is being literally poured into the country, and God only can know what is going on, and the state that is staring us in the face, or some, would be done to help us. Oh, cannot England save these poor people from the unprincipled men who are doing their utmost to destroy the good which the Gospel had done to the Basutos? All the chiefs have become drunkards with one or two exceptions, and have begun a system of eating up their subjects which is most distressing. Colonel Clarke is doing his utmost, but seems to have no power. How and where will it end?"

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ADELIE MABILLE."

A recent writer from Africa has said that "about the only thing they will trade for is whiskey." Boston sent a vessel to Africa in 1883 in which two missionaries sailed and the cargo Medford rum. Isn't it about time that Vicksburg was taken? About time that the moderation and license intrenchments were stormed? About time that all governmental old, state and national, was forever removed? About time that the clauses in our statutes which allow the manufacture of liquors "for exportation" were stricken out? Who are loyal to Christ in this conflict? Is Dr. Curry right in his assertion that "In this controversy all that is not actually contributing to the interests of temperance are practically working against it?" Before the serried ranks of this reform, the intrenchments of this "abomination that maketh desolate" must give way if they attack them as David did Goliath of Gath in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

Onward, workers, onward to the front! Push the battle; strike the enemy's front, or right or left flank; but strike hard blows.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS FOR MISSIONS FOR 1885.

What is the prospect? Let us figure up a little, and peer into the future as far as we can. Our object is to secure One Million Dollars for Missions in the calendar year 1885. We submit the following:

## STATEMENT.

Cash received from January 1 to August 1, 1885, \$415,730 45

The Fall Conferences raised last year (and certainly no charge, or district, or Conference will fall behind last year at such a time as this) . . . . . 300,000 00

John M. Phillips, treas. of the Missionary Society, has in his hands easily-convertible securities which he has received from estates this year . . . . . 40,000 00

We have received unconditional pledges of increase from presiding elders and pastors amounting to . . . . . 50,000 00

Pledges have been made on what we call "The Last End \$100,000" am'ting to Rev. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, in supporting many schools in Japan, China and India, for the benefit of which he will place in our treasury this year . . . . . 13,000 00

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Now, if the Fall Conferences should all come up to the Million-Dollar line, we would have \$100,000 more to add to this sum, and the balance of \$68,569.55 would be all we should lack of our million. You observe, however, in this statement, that we are counting certainly only upon those who have unconditionally promised to succeed in raising their million-dollar apportionment. And why may not all succeed?

We must not wait to see whether every pastor, and every presiding elder, and every Sunday-school superintendent will respond favorably to this appeal. We who believe that One Million for Missions ought to be raised annually, and can be raised this year as a beginning, must ceaselessly work on until midnight of December 31, 1885. What comes into the treasury between November 1, 1885, and January 1, 1886, will count in the next fiscal year of the Society, but it will also count in the calendar year 1885.

Do not criticize! Do not fear reaction! Do not say anything about spasmodic giving. Let a wave of holy enthusiasm sweep through the host of God. Let twelve thousand pulpits portray in burning words the mighty work already accomplished. Tell the church we have four thousand five hundred laborers in the field now, and we want to add a thousand to this number. After the missionary sermon is preached, full of

history, fact and statement, and, above all, of the Holy Ghost, let there be a thorough, patient canvass to find the last man, and the last woman, and the last child who has sworn allegiance to the King of Glory, and who wants to see the Gospel reach every creature according to the command of our ascended Master, that the charge so often made that a mission of Methodists give nothing for missions may be no longer true. In such a work, surely the ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ can afford to be patient and persistent.

As, behold our Sunday-school army! We can not rely upon twenty-one thousand Sunday-school superintendents, with their magnificent army of a quarter of a million officers and teachers, and one million seven hundred thousand scholars, to unite with one heart to make this effort completely successful?

BISHOP SHAWMONT writes: "It looks as if you are not another failing on the ear-to-day—'Prepare ye the way of the Lord?'" Hear the statement of M. and Mme. Mabille, in letters from South Africa, Morija, Basutoland, July 1, 1885, and decide whether duty calls or not:

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**ZION'S HERALD**  
FOR THE YEAR 1886.  
Fifteen Months  
FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

Let the Canvass Commence at Once.

The paper will be sent from October 1st the remainder of the year free to all New Subscribers who subscribe for one year.

When the full amount of the subscription price (\$2.50) is received, their paper will be credited to January 1, 1887.

Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and January 1.

The price of subscription can be paid to the preacher in charge, or forwarded direct to the publishing office, by post-office orders or bank checks; or, when these modes of sending are not available, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

We hope every minister will announce this offer to his congregation, and secure an increase of the number of subscribers to ZION'S HERALD on his charge.

Lists will be sent immediately to all the preachers.

Will each reader of the paper inform his neighbor, who may not be a subscriber, of our offer? ZION'S HERALD should be read in every Methodist family in New England.

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

The paper contains an average of forty-two columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cents per number.

Each issue contains a large amount of fresh editorial matter, and also articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper.

**SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.**

Letters on business should be addressed to:

**A. S. WEED, Publisher,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.**

(Continued from page 1.)

Now in that very distant the lumber for building must be imported. Stumps have disappeared, fat and fruitful acres give nourishment to countless kine and sheep, and the horse-plough has helped to convert the wilderness into a land flowing with milk and honey. Not much metaphor about this. Wild bread made toothsome sweets, but we have not learned to love their products when flavored with buckwheat.

**BLUE-STONE AND GOLD.**

These non-fossiliferous hills consist largely of laminated blue-stone. New York and other cities draw increasing supplies from them, and must be more deeply indebted for good ways and plain paths in the future. "A shocking play on words!" perhaps, but it expresses the truth, notwithstanding.

Wild rumors are circulated of a gold mine (?) in these rocky hollows, somewhere or other. The subject ought to be strongly accentuated, and will be by those who have "experienced" the visions, dreams and horrors of that financial deception. As a presumably "saint man" — all the way from Gotham — we are asked our opinion, and give it orally.

Preaching in these regions is thoroughly enjoyable. An occasional squabble with a rampant "Babes" excites a little interest, but as for Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer (these names should be steel-armor in view of their endless bashing), all their speculations are worthless as a rotten hemlock and dangerous as a broken oar. Infidelity's light is delusive as that of punk. Christianity shows the way to happiness and heaven as infallibly as the Delaware leads to Philadelphia. Basmone and many another distinguished preacher is the offspring of this region. As for its sons who are famous lawyers and wealthy business men in Yorkist, Fenit, and other cities, their names legions.

**The Week.**

**DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.**

Tuesday, September 1.

Two persons fatally and three badly burned by the explosion of natural gas in the oven room of S. S. Marvin & Co.'s steam bakery at Pittsburg, Pa.

The owners of the yacht "Puritan" officially notified that she has been selected to meet the "Genesia" in the America cup races.

Two sisters in Hoboken, N. J., poisoned, one fatally, through the mistake of a druggist. Taking of a dose of atropine by the druggist, after fully realizing the shocking results of his error.

Sixty of the operators of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Galveston, Texas, for a reduction in the hours of labor.

Tom Davis, a well-known sporting man, murdered in New York city.

Reported decrease of the cholera ravages in Spain.

**Wednesday, September 2.**  
The next annual meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science to be held in Buffalo, N. Y. Prof. E. S. Morse, of Salem, Mass., chosen president for the ensuing year.

Death of Miss Ella Holtz, the second victim of the Jersey City druggist's terrible blunder. The druggist himself out of danger.

A reduction of \$2,879,052 made in the national debt last month.

Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, of Rochester, N. Y., elected president of Vassar College.

Formal opening of the New England Fair at Bangor, Me.

Upwards of 82,000 deaths from cholera in Spain since the outbreak of the disease.

Occurrence of serious rioting in Galway, Ireland, the mob being finally dispersed by the police and military.

The remains of Admiral Courbet finally buried at Albierville, France, his native place.

One hundred and forty Prussians just expelled from Warsaw.

**Thursday, September 3.**

Six persons drowned at Oshkosh, Wis., by the upsetting of a boat in which they were sailing.

Four miners killed and six others badly injured while descending the Oshkosh shaft at Wilkesboro, Penn.

Five hundred Chinese driven from the camp at Rock Springs, Wyo., into the mountains by white miners in the Union Pacific Railroad company's coal pits. Twenty-five houses in Chinatown burned to the ground.

Wreck of the Allan mail steamer "Hannoverian" on the Newfoundland coast at Port au Gaul Cove. All on board saved. The vessel a total loss.

The cholera still spreading in Toulon.

**Friday, September 4.**

Details of the anti-Chinese riot at Rock Springs, Wyo., worse than at first reported. Thirty Chinamen probably killed, and one hundred houses burned.

Grounding of the steamer "Alicia A. Washburn," from Tampa for New Orleans, in St. Joseph's Bay during a cyclone.

Dedication of the magnificent school-house presented to the town of Fairhaven, Mass., by Mr. Henry H. Rogers of New York.

Occurrence of an engagement near Lima, Peru, between the Caecres and government troops, in which the latter were routed.

Execution of the notorious Don Pedro Preston in Aspinwall.

Continued decrease of the mortality record in the cholera-infected districts of Spain.

**Saturday, September 5.**

The labor trouble on the Wabash road assuming a threatening aspect, and a strike in prospect along the whole Gould Western system.

Death of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., at his home at Irvington on the Hudson.

Federal troops sent to the scene of the disturbance at Rock Springs, Wyo.

Occurrence of a \$100,000 fire in Oshkosh, Wis.

Reported defalcation in one of the departments of Jordan, Marsh & Co. of this city to the amount of \$175,000.

New ministry formed in Brazil.

The Princes of China reported as converted to Christianity.

No signs of abatement in the cholera epidemic in Toulon, France.

**Monday, September 7.**

Death of Major Aaron Stafford, the last surviving officer of the war of 1812, in Waterbury, N. Y.

The livery stable of Lewis Gray in Portland, Me., destroyed by fire. Twenty-three horses burned to death. Property loss nearly \$20,000.

Removal of the cattle on the government reservations in Texas in conformity with the President's proclamation.

Occupation of Yap, one of the Caroline Islands, by the Germans. Intense excitement, a mob gathering in front of the German embassy. The building attacked, and the coat of arms torn down and dragged through the streets to the Puerto del Sol, where it was burned in front of the office of the minister of the interior. The troops ordered out, and the rioters finally dispersed. An ultimatum sent to Germany by Spain requesting the evacuation of the Carolines.

Burning of Marx's drapery stores in Nantes, France, entailing a property loss of \$600,000.

Decrease in the mortality from cholera in both Spain and France the last two days.

**An annual excursion to the White Mountains for the citizens of Ipswich and the surrounding towns, bids fair to be perpetuated as a "fixed institution."**

We learn that our vigilant friend, Bro. Wilcomb, is arranging for another annual excursion to the White Mountains, to leave Sept. 22. This excursion is designed not only to accommodate the people of Ipswich, but Chelsea, Lynn, Salem and Newburyport. In other years these excursions have afforded a very favorable opportunity to take a trip to the mountains at a small expense. No doubt the arrangements will be such this year, that the occasion will be as enjoyable as in previous years. For full particulars address Mr. Frederick Wilcomb, Ipswich, Mass.

The convenience of sending goods by mail or express is well assured by LEWANDOW'S FRENCH DYE HOUSE, 16 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, U.S.A.

If there is life left in the bulb, Parker's Hair Balsam will promote a new growth of hair. It costs but little to try it.

**HAY FEVER.** I have been a greater sufferer from Hay Fever for 15 years and have tried various things without doing any good. I read of the many wonderful cures of Ely's Cream, Balsam and thought I would try once more. In 15 minutes after one application I was wonderfully helped. Two weeks ago I commenced using it and now I feel entirely cured. It is the greatest discovery ever known or heard of. — DURHAM CLARK, Pa. mer., Lee, Mass.

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